

BON SOIR
Pimlico
CHOICE

The series of high school one-mile races was featured by the exceptionally fast performance of the quarter from McKinley Tech of Washington, D. C., who was clocked in 3 minutes 28 seconds, a record for the state meet for this class of competition.

Trials 1 nine 480-yard shuttle hurdles relay dashes were an outstanding challenge for the troopers captured by Central High. The Ell timber-toppers qualified for the final with the fastest time, 4 minutes 46 seconds.

Pennsylvania hurdlers, clocked in 4 minutes 30 seconds, took the spot. Cornell squared into the final by listing Ohio, while the time of 1:04.1.

Herman Neugebauer, Tulane's sprinter, romped with his qualification of the 100-meter dash, recording 16.4 seconds.

**COME
ALONG
KNOSBY**

4.27

Found

SECOND RACE—\$600, claiming, three-year-olds, one mile (9):
 Seminole Queen 102 Baxon Queen .. 89
 Kentucky Ruth .. 103 Water Front .. 87
 Kentucky Duchen 103 Cavendish Goldy .. 102
 Contrast .. 107 K Valley .. 102
 Charlie N 103

THIRD RACE—\$400, claiming, two-year-olds, four and one-half furlongs (8):
 Royal .. 109 Head Right .. 108
 Kentucky Sir Fr. 109 Penny Ball .. 108
 Casper .. 109
 Casperella .. 109

FOURTH RACE—\$800, claiming, three-year-olds and up, George Course (8):
 Lyle Colleen .. 95 Chiefs Pride .. 117
 Lyle .. 114 Dorothy H. 117

JOE PALOOK

New York, April 27—Lawson Little, a professional golfer of California, British and American, an amateur golf champion, was on his way to England today to prepare for defense of his title at the Royal Lytham and St. Anne's tournament.

Play will start May 20.

FIFTH RACE — \$300, allowance, two-year-olds and up, six furlongs (8):

Star Banner	110;	Chesnut	109
Top Horn	110;	Fast Stride	109
Speed Queen	108;	Paradiseal	108
Julia Grant	108;	Hastinola	108

SIXTH RACE — \$300, claiming, two-year-olds and up, one and one-eighth miles (6):

Booms Pal	115;	Good Politian	114
Prince Torch	115;	Breeding Along	114
XOswego Prince	103;	Respect	103

Log.

5-Shutaga, Janey Lee, Yashia.

4-Autumn Leaves, Two Demand, V. arle Inn.

3-Paradise, Fast Stride, Top Horn.

2-Bopen's Fal, Respect, Breezing Along.

7-Mad Career, His Master, Busy Spaul.

5-Royal Sport, Who Wins, Fingal.

8-Bully 11, Cold Stream, Engelle Mont.

SENT-CATIGA.

1—Winsome Blonde, Daisy Kaa, MU
Standish.
2—Frank E.O. Maceo Custom, M
Commander.
3—Peregrina, John Mill, Goodstone.
4—The Heather, Jane Bourton, Bap
5—Elanor, Lupton, Sam Lamare
6—Earth Shaker, Myrta, Red M
7—Caroline, Jeanie, Carpin, Red M
8—Mirabelle, Paul Maguire, Saloma.
WEST—PEREGRINA.

Jamaica Selections

- 1—Irish Flay, Cash Book, Society Edit.
- 2—Fame Up, Ben O'Hara, Tender Que
- 3—Gemsphor, Allen E. Dasher.
- 4—Okapi, Sgt. Byrne, Miss Merrimere
- 5—Spanish Way, Maralist, Firelock.
- 6—Scottish Soldier, Appreciative, M

Watch.

BEST—SPANISH WAY.

Feeder Akin.....	103	Winter Food.....
Major Duchess.....	104	Caribbees Gold.....
Contrast.....	107	XValise.....
xCharlie N.....	103	

THIRD RACE—\$600, claiming, 2-year-olds, four and one-half furlongs

Poly Royal.....	109	Head Right.....
Thistle Alr.....	115	xTony Ball.....
Banderilla.....	109	xBonnie Dream.....

FOURTH RACE—\$800, claiming, 2-year-olds and up, George Contrs (3):

Miss Colaine.....	95	Chiffon's Pride.....
Kyss.....	114	Dorothy B.....

4.27

McIntyre Syndicate, Inc., N.

Red Sox vs. Washington
Tomorrow at 3 P. M.
Sells of Kennedy's Men's Store. Ed.

FLOYD GIBBONS' PAGE OF THRILLS AND MYSTERY

"The Flaming Grave"

Freddie Stuart, Reporter, Finds Himself Cata-pulted into a Blazing Hell

By FLOYD GIBBONS

HELLO, EVERYBODY!

Here's another reporter—Alfred Stuart of 3209 Church avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.—who wants to know if newspaper men get an even break in this column. Well, nobody else ever gives them a break, but Freddie Stuart's yarn just happens to be one too good to pass up—the sort of story you wouldn't run across again in a million years.

It happened in September, 1932, when Freddie was working for one of the New York papers.

General Francesco de Pinedo, the crack Italian flyer, was about to take off on a 7000-mile non-stop endurance flight to India, and Freddie was sent out to Floyd Bennett Field to cover the story.

The General was not scheduled to start his flight until daylight, but the reporters were on the scene by 11 o'clock the night before, watching the weather reports, sending in colorful stories of the preparations for the takeoff. It was 6:45 a. m. before the General made his appearance.

A big black sedan streaked out from the administration building, slowed around at high speed and came to a stop beside the big Bellanca plane in which the General was to make his hazardous journey.

From behind the wheel of the car stepped a small, smiling, meticulously dressed figure. It was General de Pinedo himself—and although nobody then realized it, HE WAS GOING TO HIS OWN FUNERAL!

The General climbed into the plane. The propeller spun over and the motor caught with a full-throated roar. Gathering speed, the big Bellanca started rolling down the runway.

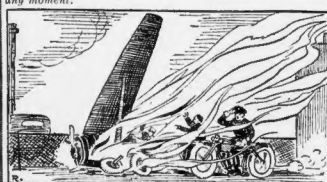
But she never left the ground. Three thousand feet away from her starting point—going at 80 or 90 miles an hour, she swerved from the runway and crashed head on into a three-foot steel and wire fence.

The impact was terrible. The right wing and the landing gear were sheared clean off the body of the ship. The fuselage bulleted through the fence and landed 60 feet away, its nose buried in the ground.

When the crash took place, Freddie Stuart was standing over on the other side of the field, talking to a motor-cycle cop. He jumped into the cop's side-car, and they were off, at top speed, for the spot where the wrecked plane was lying.

As they started toward the wreck, a scream of horror came from the throats of several hundred spectators. While Pinedo struggled to get out of the crushed cockpit, a small tongue of flame crept out of the smashed motor and reached hungrily toward a big gas tank.

With a roar, the gas caught fire. More than a thousand gallons of it—blazing like mad—threatening to explode at any moment.



It was then that the cop with whom Freddie was riding did the craziest thing any man ever thought of doing. He headed his motorcycle for the wreck—drove straight into the heart of that roaring inferno.

In the side-car, Freddie Stuart could feel the skin on his face shrivel. He held his breath—because he knew what would happen if just one small spurt of that flame-laden air were drawn into his lungs.

He leaned far over the side of the car, shielded his face with his left arm, and, as the cop swung the cycle around, tried to grab the General with his right. But it was no use. They weren't near enough, and couldn't get any closer.

Another tank of gas, split open by the heat, roared into flame. To save their own lives, they had to get out of there. They moved back from the burning ship, and there they stood helpless, and watched a brave man die.

As they watched, something happened that gave them a ray of hope. By some supernatural effort, born of desperation, the General pushed himself out of the cockpit and fell to the ground at the side of the ship.

Men ran forward to grab him as he started crawling away from the flames, but at that moment the last of the gas tanks split open. The General was enveloped in flame.

A pillar of dense smoke rose from the wreck as the oil tank caught fire and mercifully obscured from sight the last, dying struggles of a brave man and an ace flyer.

They got the poor, charred remains of the General out as soon as the flames arrived, but the wreckage blazed and smoldered for more than eight hours.

"It's all in a day's work," Freddie says. But then you've got to remember that a reporter's day's work is mighty likely to include a lot of adventure.

Well, sir, I wouldn't have missed that yarn of Freddie Stuart's for anything. I wish I could find one like it every day. On the other hand, I know that all of you boys and girls have got a good adventure story for me. Write it up now, and send it in.

I'm fairly aching to pay you 10 bucks—just for the facts. And then there's that big hundred dollar monthly prize, too, that you have a sweet chance of winning.

Monday I'm going to give you a thriller entitled "Jungle Drama." It's by Herbert B. Emley of 144 Chestnut street, Marlboro.

\$10.00 EVERY DAY AND \$100.00 EVERY MONTH is what Floyd Gibbons will pay American readers to prove that most thrilling and interesting TRUE adventures happen in YOUR life and in the lives of your friends than anything fiction writers can invent. And Floyd will prove it every day on this page. The famous war correspondent's own life is filled with adventure. He was wounded in "No Man's Land," torpedoed in mid-Atlantic and rode with Death in the Sahara, but he wants to write YOUR story now. Send it in to him today. There are no conditions. Everyone is eligible.

HOW TO WIN
\$100.00
And Membership in the Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club

Floyd Gibbons, headline hunter and world famous adventurer, invites YOU to send in YOUR true adventure story to his column. He will pay \$10.00 every day for every story printed and an extra prize of \$100.00 for the best adventure of the month. You don't have to worry about how well you can write—just send in the facts and Floyd will whip your story into shape for publication. Put the biggest thrill in YOUR life down on paper and mail it to FLOYD GIBBONS, care of the Boston Evening American, and Floyd will do the rest.

SECRET AGENT X-9



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



RED BARRY



MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY



JIMMY AND THE TIGER



The Amateur Artist



The Spills of War



Two Heads Better Than One



One Flight Down



A Good Egg



Puts Him in the "Red"



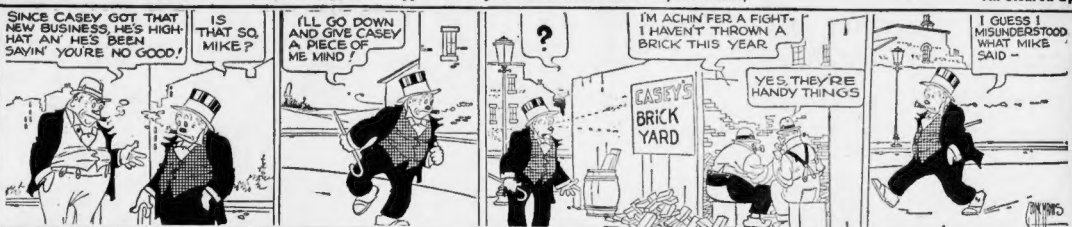
THIMBLE THEATRE, Starring POPEYE



BRINGING UP FATHER

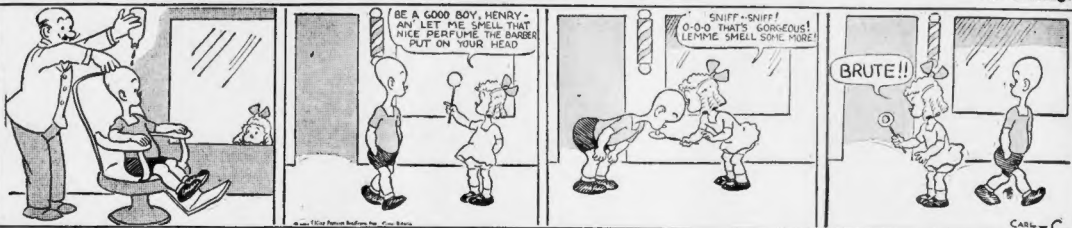
(Follow Jiggs and Maggie in the Big Comic Section of the Sunday Advertiser)

All Cleared Up



HENRY

Fair Exchange



JUST KIDS

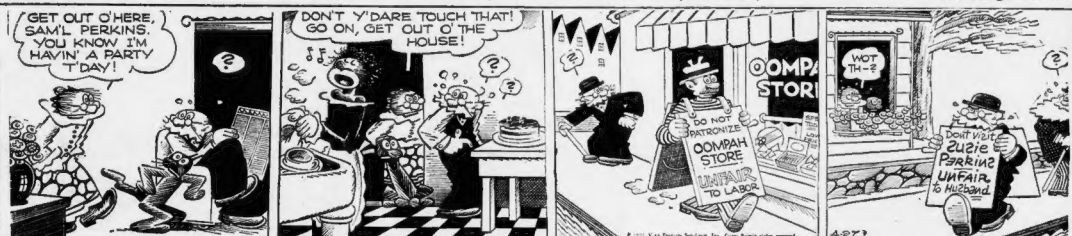
The Hand of Fate



POLLY AND HER PALS

(Follow Polly and Her Pals in the Big Comic Section of the Sunday Advertiser)

The Forgotten Man



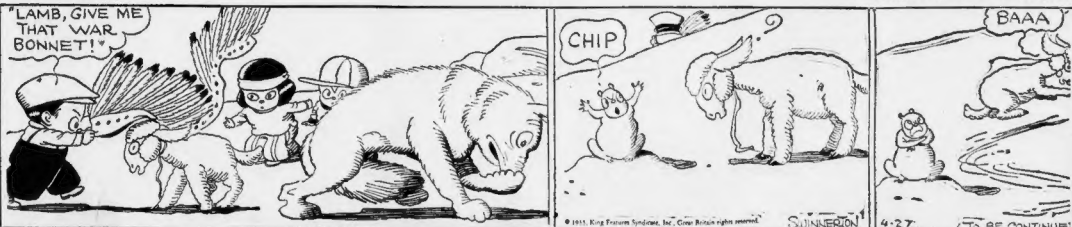
SKIPPY

An All-Around Miss



LITTLE JIMMY

Bonnet Made a Difference!



BLONDIE

(Follow Blondie in the Big Comic Section of the Sunday Advertiser)

What Price Glory?



Join X-ers; Get Your Badge

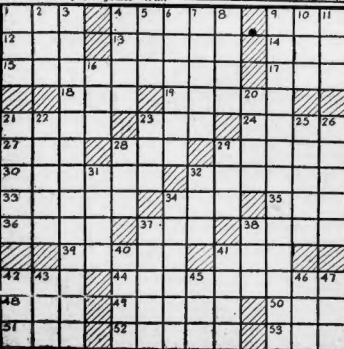
Become a member of the X-9 Club. Write your name, street number, city or town on plain paper and enclose five cents to pay for handling of badge and membership card. By return mail you will receive your card and a new shiny badge. Mail your application to SECRET AGENT X-9, BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN, Post Office Box 1098.



Crossword Puzzle

By Eugene Sheffer

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1-Past
 - 2-Pitchers
 - 3-Compensate
 - 4-Correlative of neither
 - 5-Crass
 - 6-Period of time
 - 7-In a fault-finding manner
 - 8-Kind of cloth
 - 9-Ventilate
 - 10-Respires
 - 11-Long pointed tooth
 - 12-Body of water
 - 13-Literary work
 - 14-High priest of Israel
 - 15-Alcoholic beverage
 - 16-Range in a line
 - 17-Cut down to a less number of decks
 - 18-Cum arabic
 - 19-Government lands in India
 - 20-Small bird
 - 21-Siamese coin
 - 22-French novelist
 - 23-Possessed
 - 24-Air heroes
 - 25-Language peculiar to a people
 - 26-Linguistic stock of Indo-China
 - 27-Greek letter
 - 28-Asphalt on a vessel
 - 29-Electrified particle
 - 30-Fruit
 - 31-Truth in Spenser's "Faerie Queen"
 - 32-Italian goddess of harvests
 - 33-Fine, driving, icy particles
 - 34-Unit with stitches
- VERTICAL**
- 1-Feminine name
 - 2-Gazelle of the Tibetan plateau
 - 3-Organic wholes
 - 4-Arabian chieftain
 - 5-Pale
 - 6-Inconscious memory
 - 7-American poet; James Whit-



NET CHANGES TRADERS

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ary. Exp. unnecessary. Uptown School,
a Mass. Ave.

WANTED—A mother's helper, nice
one, one child, live in. Geneva 6482.

CAMBRIDGE—1424 Cambridge
lovely htd. 8-rm. apt. Reas. Xlr. 9
or Bel. 2981.

CAMBRIDGE—16 Magnolia Ave.,
6-rm. apt.; newly reno. Handy to

DOCKHEATER—Mod. b'rms.; A7 cond.
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Gen. 5060.

LEXINGTON CENTRE—2 rms., furn.,
all impts., \$48. L. J. Reynolds, Lexington
1648-1784.

4 HUNTINGTON AVE.—Lovely comb.
and bedroom, reas. Circle 4534.

4 BAY STATE RD.—Airy room for
young man, \$3; parking space, Cir. 0037.

7 BEACON ST.—Large room, private
semi-private, bath, garage, Circle 4533.

It will be a wise move to trade in your old car toward a good used car. Let's water down the used car bargains in the Automobile Trade columns of the American and Advertiser during the "Call of the Open Road" USED CAR SALE.

ESSEX
32 Essex Face Maker Coach, \$23
Booster brakes, Easy
terms. Storage Warehouse, Cit. 6321

Other Classified Ads On
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